

cave rather than a house. Yet Hesso receives £200 a year from the Persian Government, and has apparently unlimited opportunities for plunder.

There were some coarse mats on the floor, and a *samovar* with some Russian glass tea-cups. Two Persian officials and a number of well-armed and splendidly-dressed Kurds, with jewelled *Jchanjars* and revolvers in their girdles and rifles by their sides, sat or reclined against the wall. Hesso himself leaned against a roll of bedding at the upper end of the room, and space was made for us on the floor at his left hand. A superb stage brigand he looked, in fitting surroundings, the handsomest man I have seen in Persia, a large man, with a large face, dark prominent eyes, a broad brow, a straight nose, superb teeth, a fine but sensual mouth, a dark olive complexion, and a false smile. A jewelled Kurdish turban with much crimson, a short jacket and full trousers of a fine cream-coloured woollen fabric, an embroidered silk shirt, socks of an elaborate pattern, a girdle of many yards of Kashmir stuff, with eight knots, one above another, in the middle, and a *kjielat* or coat of honour of rich Kerman brocade formed his striking costume. In his girdle he wore a *Jchanjar*, with an ebony hilt and scabbard ornamented with filigree gold knobs incrustated with turquoises, attached to the girdle by a silver chain two yards long, of heavy filigree balls, a beautiful piece of work. Hesso's brothers, superb men, most picturesquely dressed, surrounded him.

The Kurds  
who handed round the tea and the jewelled  
*kalian*s looked  
fantastic brigands. The scene was a picture.  
Of course my errand failed. I could not  
speak about  
the sheep through the priest of the robbed  
village, and  
Hesso said that he could not speak on any "  
political"  
subject before the Persians who were  
present. The  
conversation was not animated, and *Qasha*  
Bardah was